

# Youth

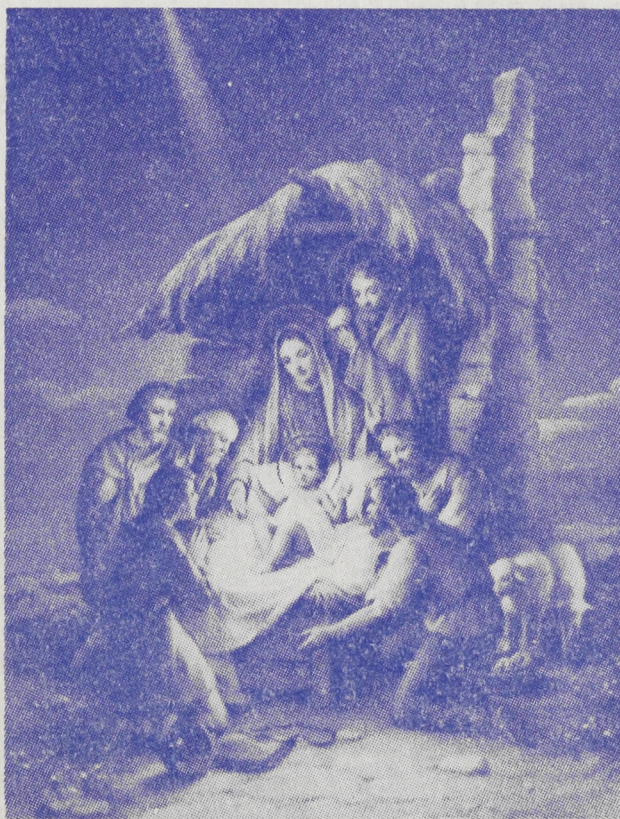
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## Merry Christmas



Youth . . . The Golden Age of Opportunity

## ЮНАЦТВО

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# ХРИСТОС РАЖДАЄТЬСЯ!

ДОРОГА УКРАЇНСЬКА МОЛОДЕ!

Вітаю Вас сердечно з Празником Різдва Христового. Перед нашими очима знову стає ніжна картина: вертеп, Йосиф, Марія, Ісус-Дитя. До вертепу за зіззодоу прийшли царі з дарами, пастухи, бо почули спів ангелів. Всі раді і веселі, бо Син Божий народився.

Різдво Христове, це велике свято усіх тих, що вірять у Христа та Йому служать. Це є свято великої християнської родини, якого очікують найменші, вижидують старші. Українська молодь також іде назустріч цьому святові. Бажає думкою перенестися до Вифлеему, наблизитися до вертепу, впасти на коліна перед маленьким Ісусом, приглядатися Його святій особі, подумати, чому Бог став чоловіком і сказати собі: Буду Його величати, боятися і любити. Він маленький, але Він Бог Мій. "Бог мій і все мое".

Дорога молоде! Стій близько Христа. Черпай з Нього силу до боротьби проти ворогів, яких маєш багато і які хочуть знищити у тобі ласку Божу, обдерти твою честь і зробити тебе нещасливою. У боротьбі треба багато сили — а ми її маємо, бо "С Нами Бог".

З Новим Роком Українське Католицьке Юнацтво ступає у новий рік свого життя і діяльності. Маємо надію, що наступний рік буде кращий. Не тому, що минуле не було добре, але тому, що завжди прямуємо до кращого, хочемо поступу, наш лет спрямований вгору. Наші сподівання стануть дійсні і правдиві коли українська молодь, що знаходиться в рядах Українського Католицького Юнацтва буде сильно вірити у засади своєї організації, буде їх уважати за свої власні. Сильне переконання родить охоту до праці. Вірю у принципи УКЮ, хочу зробити все, що наказує моє переконання, все чого хоче від мене Бог, Церква і нарід. "Віра й акція", це наш клич на наступний рік.

З приводу Різдвяних Свят і Нового Року бажаю, щоб наступний рік був якнайбагатший, щоб зросло число Відділів, а у Відділах, щоб побільшилося число членів, а кожний член і кожна членкиня відзначалися великим ентузіазмом до праці. Нехай тебе, українська молоде, Ісус - Дитя благословить, пішле багато щастя; у Новому Році хай здійсняться твої благородні мрії.

**о. Протоігумен Володимир Шевчук ЧСВВ.,**  
духовний асистент Всеканадійського УКЮ.

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НАЙЩИРІШІ БАЖАННЯ ВЕСЕЛИХ СВЯТ РІЗДВА

ХРИСТОВОГО І ЩАСЛИВОГО НОВОГО РОКУ!

**о. ВОЛОДИМИР ШЕВЧУК, ЧСВВ.,**

Всеканадійський Асистент УКЮ.



## РІЗДВЯНА РАДІСТЬ

Веселу вістку, що нам голосить св. Церква цього року є така сама, як тому рік назад, як тому 100 років назад, а навіть 1900 років назад. "Слава на висоті Богу й на землі мир людям доброї волі"... Хоть слова не змінились, зате прибрали вони нове значення.

Колись за апостольських часів вони голосно гомонили на те, щоб здобути світ для Христа. В Середніх Віках, коли віра була жива в всіх наордах, всі християни співали їх на хвалу й подяку Господеві, але в нинішніх часах вони стали тільки глухим відгомонам того, що колись сталося в Вифлеємі.

Для многих людей Різдво Христове вже втратило своє властиве значення. Вистарчить поглянути тільки на різноманітні Різдвяні карточки, щоб це пізнати. Різдвяний час замість бути порою побожного розважання над Таїнством Вплочення Сина Божого, то з'явив порою великого руху та величезних зисків в продажі святочних карток і забавок.

Як колись в Вифлеємі не було гідного помешкання для Царя Царів, щоб народитись, бо всі мешканці гостили своїх знайомих, що прийшли записуватись, так й в наших часах Христос не знаходить гідного помешкання в людських серцях, бо всі зайняті земськими справами, як напр. запрошенням гостей, приготуванням обіду, і т. д.

Князь Мира знову приходить до нас цього Різдва. Приходить знова, щоб дати людям правдивий мир і спасення. Не бачимо тепер при Його Рождестві ангелів з неба, не чуємо також їхнього співу, зате радісну

вістку Христового Рождества оспівує нам Його св. Церква всілякими колядами.

Мешканці Вифлеєму дуже холодно привітали Месію. Коли глянемо на людство чи сьогодні краще приймають Ісуса до серця, як колись в Вифлеємі? Чи сьогодні не замкнені людські серця для Христа, як тоді замкнені були двері Вифлеєму? Чи сьогодні не мають люди в своїм серці місце для всього, тільки не для Христа? Дивімся, як мало часу вони знаходять Богу помолитись, до церкви піти, до святих Таїн приступити?

Цього Різдва Христос знову шукає місця спочинку. Він шукає теплого місця, де міг би завітись. Найкращим місцем спочинку для Нього, це наше серце. Те, що Його найбільше звеселить та огріє, це любов нашого серця. Господь Бог сотворив людське серце для Себе, і не спокійне воно поки Він в ньому не спочине.

Різдво Христове має відсвіжити в нашій пам'яті ті правди святої віри, що Друга Особа Божя, Син Божий стався чоловіком і народився з Пречистої Диви Марії, прийшов на світ, щоб нас відкупити. Різдво Христове має розбудити нашу віру, збільшити нашу надію та звершити нашу любов до Бога.

Таїна Вплочення Сина Божого, це таїна великої любови Бога до людей. Не зважаючи на людську невдячність, Господь хотів показати людям скільки Він їх полюбив і як дуже всі люди повинні Його любити. "Вогонь приніс Я на землю, і чого хочу, щоб тільки той вогонь розгорівся". Ось ціль приходу Сина Божого на світ. Він хо-

тів запалити ввесь світ вогнем Божої любови.

Сьогодні св. Церква ставить перед нашими очима того Новонародженого Царя, що лежав колись в яслах Вифлеємських. Вона взиває нас, щоб ми в душі віри приступили разом з убогими пастушками й визнали Його на свого Бога та заявили Йому свою непохитну вірність. Коли бачимо в наших часах байдужність багатьох, а в інших ненависть до Його Святої Особи, покажім ми тимбільшу нашу любов і вірність! Як може люд-

ське серце ~~остат~~сь зимне й невдячне бачучи так ~~доб~~ого Бога й ласкавого Відкупителя в яслах на сні!

Отворім отже ~~наше~~те християнське серце якнайширше і дотехай Пресвяте Дитятко Вифлеємське ~~на~~повнить його своїми небесними ~~свар~~ами. Приготів Йому чисте й ~~теп~~те місце в нашому серці, щоб Він ~~міг~~ в ньому на завжди спочити а ми, щоб могли на віки співати з небесними ~~ан~~гелами: "Слава на висоті Богу й на землі мир людям доброї волі".

о. Павло Малига ЧНІ.

## Christmas

A star, glowing more brightly every moment, shone down on a humble couple who wearily turned their steps to a cold cave just outside the crowded city of Bethlehem. To a passer-by nothing distinguished this couple from the countless other people on the road, except perhaps their poverty. Mary and Joseph were of the royal family of David, but the fates of their predecessors had been such that the holy pair had not been endowed with great riches but existed only through their own hard labor. Joseph's advice in any branch of carpentry might be valued, but his judgment or counsel was never sought in the affairs of the state. He held no prominent post in the court of the king. Yet to the Heavenly Father these two people were the most important human beings in the world. God had chosen them for the Mother and Foster-Father of His Divine Son. "Mary, full of grace." "Joseph was a just man."

An uninviting, cold stable, swad-

dling clothes, a manger for a crib, a man and woman and a Baby-Boy — nothing unusual, except again the poverty. Ah! but listen, strains of heavenly music herald the birth of the King of Peace. A host of angels bring tidings of great joy to the fearful shepherds, "For this day is born to you a Savior, Who is Christ the Lord. . . . Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of good will." The wonderfully beautiful angels paid homage to the King of Kings by their adoring presence and heavenly chant. The great mystery of the Incarnation had come to pass.

All those who passed through the doors of the stable to adore the King of Heaven and earth had the same passport—Faith. The poor humble shepherds, the rich humble magi, all believed that the helpless Babe in the loving arms of His Mother was God, the Creator and Ruler of the universe.

The first peaceful Christmas was the Feast Day of the Holy Family.



Since then it has become the day when every family shares the joys of the holy season with its loved ones. To some Christmas will never again be the happy occasion of yesteryear. Christmas will bring with it the dreaded memories of the war, the terrible thoughts of separation from beloved husbands, fathers, brothers and sisters and all this will bring a painful pang of loneliness into the heart, for which no adequate human words of com-

fort and consolation can be found. But prayer is the spiritual consoler that brings peace into the most troubled heart. Bishop F. J. Sheen very aptly states, "Prayer is man's strength and God's weakness."

Let us all make this Christmas truly a happy one by preparing for the coming of Christ by prayers, Masses and Holy Communions so that on His Birthday we shall not greet Him empty handed.

— A Missionary Sister.

# What Do You Think? . . .

## OF THE NEW START!

By Myros Kmyta

Why don't you come to meetings, dances, parties, etc., is the old refrain about this time of the year. Everybody is having a great time, it seems, except you. Don't you think it is time to get your share of fun?

"But there is nothing going on," you exclaim. "What will I do? I haven't got time to work for the club, I have other things to do, besides, I am too old."

We can find a remedy for every one of your excuses, except the last. If you openly admit you are too old, we give you our sympathy. "Should of married long time ago."

Everything is settled by this time, except your spare time. What to do with that period from five to twelve in the evening, five days a week and forty-eight hours every week-end? We can't gossip, visit friends, watch shows all that time. Even TV gets

boring. Besides, what benefits do we gain?

"What do we gain by being active members of the youth club?" you retort.

First, we learn to get along together, get to know each other, learn to stand on our feet and speak our mind. We plan, plot and program. We organize projects and carry them out. Something we have very little opportunity in our everyday work.

You have seen countless young men and women, no matter what the occasion, they are the centre of all attraction. They meet everybody, they know everyone, they manage everything, are respected by all. You stand back and whisper, "Hasn't she a wonderful personality? Hasn't he outstanding character? Such charm, such skill, such knowledge, an assess to any home or business!" A person

you would like for your best friend.

How do they achieve such prestige?

You can be sure they were not born with it. Few years back they were the same John and Mary, with round face, pleasant smile, hair parted in the centre, trying to catch a glimpse of what is going on from the corner of the hall, yet hoping no one sees them, and pull them away from their little world. Had you walked up to them and asked them to introduce the Mayor, they would have fainted. Now with full poise and dignity, they talk to Lord Mayor, Prime Minister of Canada, and the little fellow peeking from the corner of the hall, with equal capability.

What transplanted them into such rich field in such a short time? Bring in a new member; in two years watch them become the best president or secretary the club ever had, and you will not be able to explain the ingredients in detail, what changed them from the irresponsible, "Why should I," into a, "What do you say, gang, let's get cracking." And cracking by Georgie they do. The most wonderful part is that they retain that same spirit forever.

The greatest secret is that you are always doing bigger jobs every time, with the sky the limit. It is quite possible for any boy or girl to become a perfect stenographer, secretary or a book-keeper. Yet there is nothing more discouraging and challenging then to put on the biggest do of all times; at the next meeting, the president pats you on the back, "That was great, kids. What do you say next one we do is twice as big, twice as good?"

Wherever you go, a long service with a youth club will be your greatest asset. The younger you start the better. After writing several thousand employers, requesting the reason their last three employees were fired, the vocational school teachers were swarmed with replies, two-thirds of them the same, "They couldn't get along with other people." — (Report in Reader's Digest.)

Mark those words, "They couldn't get along with other people." If you can't get along with your club members, who have the same language, religion, interest and problems, you will not be able to get along with a total stranger, be it business, work or street corner. If you do, it is for two reasons; either they didn't find out your true self, from under that sly pleasant smile, or they are too polite to tell you to "plump to hell."

But it's a disgrace to use the club to your advantage, as a guinea pig to build your prestige, personality, dignity, poise and character. Strange as it may seem, that is the true purpose of the Ukrainian Catholic Youth Club, to put its members on their feet, from when they leave their mothers' apron strings till they start a home of their own. Every opportunity is offered to help you become solid citizens. To gain any of those benefits, you have to get in there, roll up your sleeves, be it easy or hard and pitch in. When you get to a state where you have enough guts, like the group of girls at our club last year, coming to the hall half an hour late to see they had half of the place scrubbed and washed (a job they would never dream of doing at home). They were ready to be presented with an



honorable diploma of all qualifications.

When you reach that state, you are ready for the world. You are ready for a more serious life. You can quit any time, stand back and train the younger generation to take your place.

The final thought; when you are asked to come and join the club activities by a friend, he is doing you a great personal favor, a favor you should never forget. And not you doing him a favor for coming out.

What do you think?

## "A Mother Heroine"

By MAURICE DZURMAN, C.Ss.R.

He was quite the handsome lad. That blond hair would catch your eye at anytime, and the black clergy suit only made it all the more conspicuous. His other striking feature were his eyes. Their blueness went well with his hair; and if you were to look closer, more often than not, you would catch a glimpse of a mysterious twinkle that betrayed a love of fun and maybe a bit of youthful recklessness.

As Billy stepped off the train that beautiful Saturday morning in May, his heart was pounding with joy. He firmly gripped his suit-case and took his usual short-cut across the tracks. Then quickly zig-zagging thru the crowd, he left the station by a side entrance in order to avoid the taxi men. He wanted to walk home — after all it was only a mile and he had so very much to think over.

There was nobody at the station to meet him. But he had planned it this way. He just loved to come in when he was least expected. It was part of his mischievous nature. This time he had really fooled them, for in all his seminary days

he had never come home in the morning.

He was still chuckling to himself as he came to the top of the bridge. There he stopped for a moment to watch the train go roaring beneath him. That was how fast the years at the seminary seemed to be going. Only last week he had received the diaconate. Just one more year and his boyhood dreams would be realized. Everytime he thought of this he got a funny feeling and for the world, he couldn't figure out whether it was joy or fear. But right now he was feeling very fine indeed. He had two full months of vacations ahead of him, and the wonderful part was, that now since he was a deacon he wouldn't be going back to his old office job. Probably he would spend most of the summer at the parish rectory, getting a closer look at the busy life of a parish priest. Yes, this year the holidays were promising to be very different and very interesting.

Another block and Bill would be home. Yes, just as he expected — there was his pet spaniel Bumza sunning herself on the front porch. He whistled and Bumza changed into a

little whirlwind of black and white fur as she streaked down the street to welcome her prodigal master. He had to stop for a moment to tease Bumza and give her the usual slap on the nose. Then amid joyful yelps and howling he was escorted home.

He leaped on the porch without touching the steps, pressed the bell with all his might, swung open the door and bellowed, "Hello — is anybody home?" For a moment reigned the quiet before the storm. Then Mary, his twin sister, came racing down the steps and because of her long house-coat, literally fell into his arms. He pressed her to his heart and gave her an extra big bear-hug. Then he looked into her dark sparkling eyes and said, "Well, your majesty, how about showing me your diamond?" Mary immediately lifted up her hand and flashed before his eyes a beautiful diamond ring — the one she received from Nicky last Valentine's Day.

Then Bill did something very touching that sent a thrill of joy thru Mary. He reverently kissed the ring and whispered in her ear, "I know you will be very happy, honey." Oh, how she loved this twin brother of hers!

Now Mother came bustling in from the kitchen, wiping her hands in her apron. Oh, it was so good to kiss Mom again, to look into those loving eyes and hear her say in mock irritation, "Goodness gracious, why do you have to be so tall?"

Finally he spotted Father coming down the stairs in his old kimona, filling his favourite pipe. "How are you, Bill? It's wonderful to see you again," and they exchanged a hearty handshake.

The women-folk could not stop

asking questions. Mary was already going thru his baggage trying to find his latest snap-shots. So Dad quietly returned to his room and in a few moments reappeared, this time fully dressed and with very little ceremony he whisked Bill away to the parish church for Mass.

When they returned, Bill found his old room all ready for him. Everything was unpacked and neatly put in its place. As he was walking up to his bureau after washing-up, he suddenly stopped. There in front of the mirror were three photos — Walter, Anne and Paul — his sister and two brothers, all three had made the supreme sacrifice during the war. Something tightened up in his throat, and as he stood in silent prayer his eyes became misty. Suddenly he heard Mary calling him for breakfast, so he pulled himself together and scampered down to kitchen. And what a breakfast! It was fit for royalty!

He spent most of the morning in the kitchen chatting with Mother while she baked his favourite pies and cookies. Mary generally made a pest of herself. If she wasn't pinching him she was pulling his golden curls and he was laughingly threatening her with a spanking.

After dinner Dad took Bill out into their beautiful spacious backyard. Father was proud of this yard. He put all his spare time into it and, as a result, no one in the neighbourhood could boast of a more attractive one. They made themselves comfortable under the old oak tree and enjoyed a long confidential "father and son" conversation.

When this was over Bill went to his room, located his little black



book and took possession of the telephone. Now was to commence what Mary called his "sacred rubric." — It happened every time he came home. He would sit by the phone for at least two hours just saying hello to all his old friends.

Nick showed up for supper. It turned out to be a very successful one at that—but then he couldn't imagine it to be otherwise with Mother's delicious cooking on the one hand and Bill's good humour on the other.

Over supper, Bill had the honour of leading the family rosary. With a mischievous twinkle in his eye he solemnly announced that the special intention of the evening was the happy marriage of a certain young couple. Dad had a hard time keeping that chuckle down.

The men had just made themselves comfortable in the living room when the door bell rang for the first time. It rang many more times before the evening was over. The old gang was beginning to gather.

Before long Sis was at the piano and Billy was conducting the quickly organized choir. There was just as much laughter as there was singing. It was like the good old times again, when a local party used to be very dead indeed if Bill and Mary didn't show up.

By nine-thirty everybody was ready for Mother's delicious apple-pie and ginger ale. The snack brought a perfect evening to an end and an hour later Bill closed the front door after saying good-bye to the last visitor.

He then sauntered into the kitchen to find Mother washing the dishes and Nick helping Mary with the wiping. "Good heavens, what are

you doing here?" he said to Mother, "Do you know it's past your bed time?" And taking off her apron he firmly but gently walked her out of the kitchen. When she began to protest he just gave her a big hug and told her she mustn't talk back to a deacon.

After the dishes were finished, the three of them had a friendly little chat. Finally Bill decided he was tired enough to retire. So he bade the two love-birds good-night and laughingly warned them to behave themselves.

As he was going by the front door he noticed that father was still on the porch smoking his old corn-cob. He looked so comfortable and contended that Bill decided not to disturb him.

Tiptoeing past his parents' room he thought he heard something. He stopped. He wasn't sure, but it sounded like a sob. An unexplainable fear gripped his heart. This had been such a perfect day, why should Mother be crying? He must find out!!! He gently pushed the partly open door and very quietly entered the room. The moon shining thru the window flooded most of the room with a silvery light. Mother was in bed. She had her eyes closed and was softly sobbing. He came closer, he wanted to say something, but his throat contracted and the only thing that came was the word "Mother." She opened her eyes, those beautiful dark eyes and looked at him as only a mother can look at her son. Then she lifted a hand to stroke his curls and whispered, "My baby, my baby"... He felt his heart crack with pain. Oh, how blind he had been! It was only now that he realized what a great price

Mother had paid in allowing him to follow his vocation. Thru all those years she hadn't given the slightest sign of what a tremendous sacrifice she was making. Oh, how perfectly she had stifled and hidden her natural feelings. Especially after those three heart-wrending war tragedies. What a terrible loneliness she must have lived thru. He closed his eyes at the thought of such heroic suffering. When he opened them again, he leaned down and kissed away the tears of "A MOTHER HEROINE."

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## Mundare Fifth Annual Carnival

**Sponsored by Mundare U.C.Y.  
Sept. 26, 27 and 28.**

During the summer months, the members of the Mundare U.C.Y. were busy preparing for the Annual Carnival which took place in the latter part of September. Those who entered the carnival contest ranked as follows:

Queen—Lovie Chmilar.  
1st Princess—Anne Kostuik.  
2nd Princess—Adeline Werbitsky.  
3rd Princess—Sylvia Kowton.  
King—Walter Polney.  
1st Prince—Mike Kuly.  
2nd Prince—Joe Royal.  
3rd Prince—Albert Lemiski.  
Flower Girl—Betty Lesaway.  
Page Boy—Roy Uckman.

A colorful coronation took place on the 28th of September and was attended by a very large crowd from Mundare and district. Mr. Ilkiw was the master of ceremonies. The stage was beautifully decorated and lighted for the occasion. The coronation

ceremonies were followed by a dance.

After a very rainy summer season, the members of the U.C.Y. were favored by ideal weather conditions for the Carnival. All the parishers and organizations cooperated wholeheartedly during the Carnival, and the proceeds amounted to \$1230.00. U.C.Y. donated \$1000.00 towards the building fund for the new church, \$200.00 for the National Hall and the remainder was retained by the club.

Mundare U.C.Y. deserves high praise and is to be complimented on the spirit of cooperation and the wonderful work that it is doing.

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## Masquerade A Success

Bucking heavy competition from other parish celebrations in these parts, the social committee of "Christ the King U.C.Y.—Winnipeg" can proudly take three bows for putting over their Hallowe'en Masquerade so effectively, on Sunday, October 31st. And while handing out "ORCHIDS," one must go to the gang from Winnipeg Beach who not only supplied the music, but turned out some thirty strong, half of which made the hundred mile trip for the occasion.

Held in the parish hall, the social itself featured gay decorations, games and prizes, along with many colorful costumes which ranged from a chief COOK to a PUMPKIN. The orchestra supplied a good selection of waltzes, polkas, and threw in the popular Square and Butterfly dances.

All in all, ".....when's the next one?"  
—Kool Water.



## СИЛА МОЛИТВИ

Два роки тому в часі Великого Посту прийшла до мене одна новичка і каже захоплена: "Як би ви знали, що мені снилося тієї ночі! Я була коло моєї сестри, яка живе ще повним світовим духом. Я хотіла відірвати її від усієї світової марноти і тому пояснила їй слова з вашої пісні "Жити з любови":

"Любити Тебе, Ісусе, яка багата втрата!

Всі мої пахощі є Твоїми  
безповоротно".

Я відчувала, що мої слова проникають до глибини її душі і я була в радісному захопленні. Сьогодні рано прийшло мені на гадку, що мабуть Господь Бог хоче, щоб я дала Йому цю душу. А що, як би я написала до неї на Великдень, розповіла мій сон і сказала, що Ісус хоче її за Свою обручницю? Що ви думаєте про те?" Я відповіла, що може просити дозволу в Настоятельки.

Тому, що Великий Піст ще не кінчився, Тебе, моя Мати, здивувала така передчасна просьба. За Божим надхненням Ти відповіла їй, що кармелітки повинні спасати душі радше молитвою, як листами. Коли я дізналася про таке рішення, то сказала тій сестричці: "Треба забратися до діла: молімся багато. Що це буде за радість, коли б так при кінці Великого Посту Бог вислухав наші молитви!"

О, яке нескінчене Боже милосердя! При кінці Великого Посту її сестра вступила до нашого монастиря і так ще одна душа посвятилася Ісусові! Це було дійсне чудо ласки, чудо, що його отримали завдяки левності порічної новички!

Яка отже велика могутність молитви! Вона є наче королева, яка завжди має доступ до короля й може отримати все, що просить. Щоб Господь нас вислухав ми зовсім не мусимо відчитувати з молитовника якусь гарну молитву, що її складено для даної потреби. Коли так було, то треба співчувати зі мною, бо мені тяжко молитися з молитовника.

Поза часословом, що його, хоч негідна, маю щастя щодня проказувати, не маю відваги обмежитися до вишукування молитов у молитовниках. Мене зараз болить голова, бо їх так багато! А дальше, вони всі гарні, одна краща від другої! Тому, що всіх не можу проказати, а не знаю, які вибрати, роблю так, як діти, що не вміють читати: кажу попросту Богові те, що хочу Йому сказати, а Він мене завжди розуміє.

Для мене молитва є зривом серця, простеньким поглядом в сторону неба, окликом вдяки й любови так серед досвіду, як і в час радості! Одним словом це високе і надприродне піднесення, що розширює душу і еднає її з Богом. Іноді мій дух є в такому розположенні, що я не можу здобути собі ан одну добру гадку. Тоді я дуже помалу проказую "Отче наш" або "Богородице Діво", бо лиш ті молитви мене захоплюють, лиш вони неземським способом кормлять і насичують мою душу.

**Примітка:** Це уривок із X. гл. "Історії душі", книжки, що її написала св. Теренія від Дитяти Ісус. В цій книжці св. Теренія розказує про своє життя та свою "дорогу" дитинного довіря до Бога та любови Небесного Ві-

ця. За 50 років ця книжка мала три мільйони накладу. Її перекладено на 60 різних мов. В перших місяцях наступного року вона вийде в українському перекладі. Ціна її три долари (понад 300 сторін друку; тверда оп-

рава. Замовлення слати на адресу:

**REV. J. PROKOPIW, OSBM**  
**Basilian Fathers**  
**9648 - 108 Ave., Edmonton, Alberta.**

Спішіться із замовленням, бо наклад буде невеликий!

## ОТВЕРТИЙ ЛИСТ ДО УКРАЇНСЬКОГО ЮНАЦТВА

ворогів. Жив він дуже, дуже давно, але й тепер ще люди ісповідують його вчення. Шкода лише, що тільки на словах. Я також вірю в нього. І твої батьки вірили... — А! то релігія! — викрикнула Маня. Нам казали, що релігія видумка, що вона шкодить людям. Як міг і умів оповів Мані про ці справи. Непомітно для себе став я проповідником християнства, щось, як за Калігули”.

А зараз із записок мого місіонарського щоденника: “27 число жовтня ц. м. року. Оселя Ч. середа. Сьогодні правлю Службу Божу в домі одного нашого поселенця: На ній сповідається вперше 10 дорослих осіб, що ще ніколи не сповідалися і не причащалися... А при тім три парі вінчається. Дві парі з цих вже мають величкі діти... 31. жовтня, неділя. К. Р. сьогодні знову повинчав дві молоді парі, що разом і вперше сповідалися і запричастилися... А також стрінув двох юнаків в літах 18 і 21, що ще ніколи не сповідалися і не коштували Тіла та Крови Господньої... “Та шож? Нашого священика нема” — кажуть мені. А недавно мені говорили питаючи: “чи отець не могли б охристити... вісімнадцятилітню дівчину?” І то не індіани, але сини та дочки нашого любого народу! Навіть у вільнім світі “вирастають нехрищені козацькі діти!” як пробратом. Він казав усіх любити, навіть

Кампо Рамон, Місіонес,

Аргентина, 1. XI. 1954 М. Р.

Слава Ісусу Христу!

Дорогі Юнаки!

З маленької захристії лісової каплички посилаю Вам мій дружній першелістопадовий привіт!

Пише наш письменник Улас Самчук (“Пять до дванацятій” ст. 35-37) так: “Прийшла Маня... (це дівчина-херсонка “ост”: річ діється при розвалі Берліну 1945) обіцяла дістати мені якусь дуже цікаву книжку, що зветься “Пластир”. Чи знаю я таку книгу? Ні. Я лише дуже цікавлюсь, що це має бути за “Пластир”. А далі пише: “У готелі сум. Сиджу та згадую Таню (дружину). Увійшла Маня і принесла обіцяний “Пластир”. Розгортаю — “Псалтир”. І разом Євангелія. Посміхаюся. Маня каже, що то їй дуже подобалось, що то дуже цікаве. Шож там їй подобається? — питаю. Там, каже, пишуть про Христа. Був такий Христос. Він учив народ і казав, що він Бог. Потім жиди його розп’яли. А ти нічого про це не знала? — питаю. Ні, відповідає Маня. Я такої книжки ще не бачила. І я стаю проповідником про Христа. Передімною юна поганка. Вона уважно слухає. Христос, кажу, був великий учитель. Він учив людей бути добрим і жити між собою як брат з

це співають нам бандуристи за старою думою.

Юнаки України! Оці картини не потребують пояснення. Знаю, що ви у вишій хрустальній шляхетності це все добре розумієте, бо ж каже поет:

"В вас молода ще грає кров,  
У вас в думках немає броду,  
А в серці ще горить любов  
До обездоленого люду"...

Так, не один із Вас чує зов Учителя: "ходи... ловитимеш людей!"

І якраз оце дало мені сміливість відізнатись до Вас у нинішнім історичнім дні і кріпко сподіватись, що Ви послухаєте голосу Христа, що міститься в тих моїх скромних словах.

Ваш добрий друг та приятель

**о. Василь**, василяннин.

П.С. Проситись ласкаво наші християнські часописи це передрукувати.

## St. Josaphat's Local Edmonton

This year in honor of St. Michael, the patron Saint of the U.C.Y., the St. Josaphat's Local Edmonton participated in Communion and a Communion Breakfast on Nov. 7, at the Ukrainian National Hall. A good attendance turned out to enjoy a wonderful breakfast, prepared and served by the Ladies' Good Will Club.

Guest speaker for this commendable occasion was Mr. Sully, whose fine words were taken to heart by everyone present. Short speeches were also given by Father B. V. Sloboda, O.S.B.M., spiritual director, and Dr. Victor Bayrock, president of the St. Josaphat's Local. After the breakfast finished,

the group gathered to have their picture taken.

Activities: The club this year has already organized a bowling club, a ping-pong club and Ukrainian classes. Turnouts for these activities are very good, and everybody has a good time.

## Organization Meeting at Chipman

Chipman, Alberta,  
Dec. 3rd, '54.

The Youth,  
Edmonton, Alta.

Dear Sirs:

An organization meeting of the U.C.Y. was held in the Chipman National Hall, November 28th at 7:30.

Father Sloboda from Edmonton was the guest speaker and gave a very interesting introduction regarding U.C.Y. organizations. He said we needed co-operation both from the executive and the club members. He stressed the fact that we attend regularly. Also that we should not join with the idea of getting something out of the club, but rather with the idea of putting something into it so that others will benefit by it.

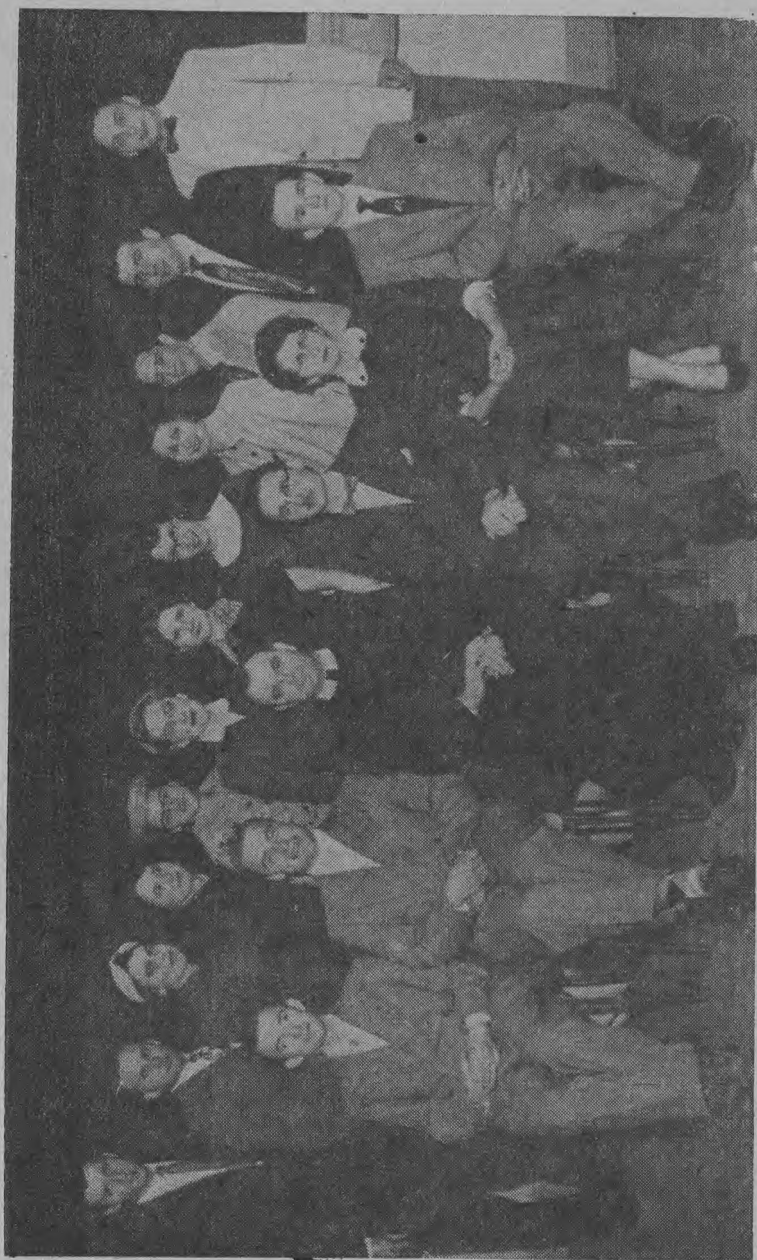
The following executive was chosen:

Walter Eleniak—President;  
Harry Kulych—Vice-President;  
Leona Eleniak—Secretary;  
Allan Koshka—Treasurer;  
Henrietta Starko—Fifth Member;  
Elsie Dziaba—Press Reporter.

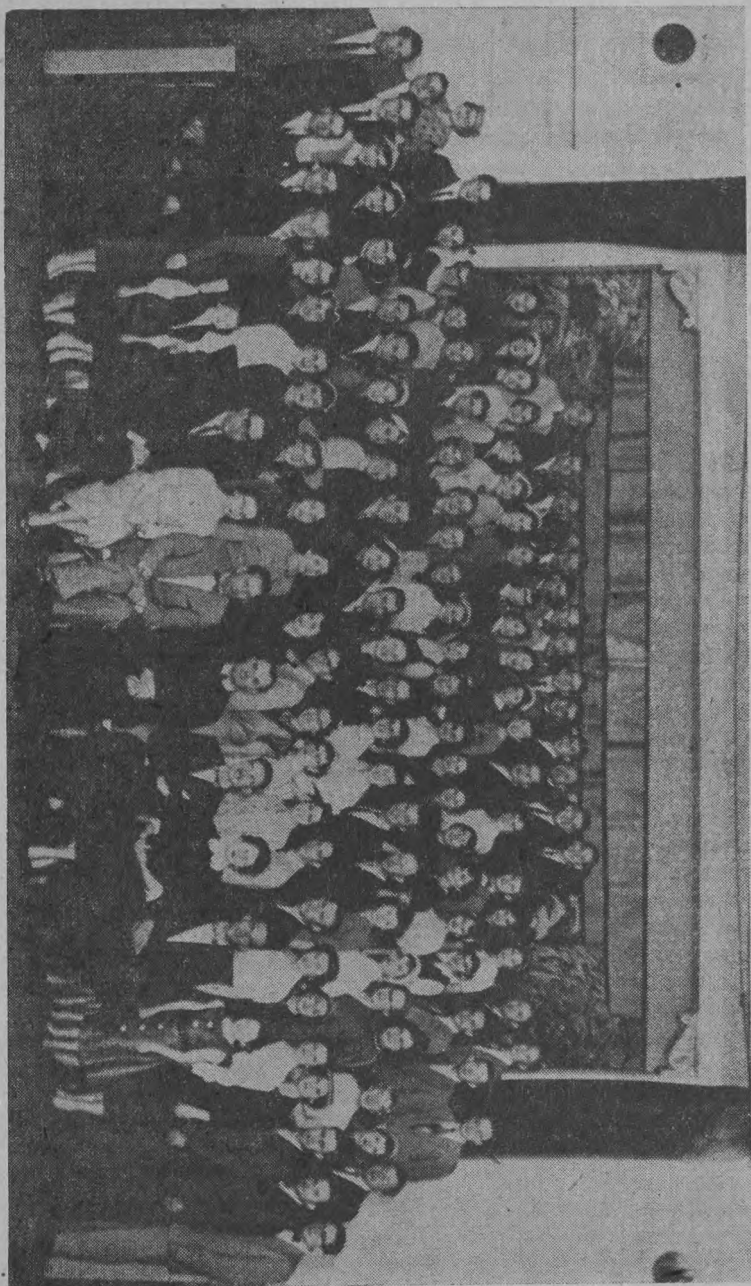
After the nominations, a few carols were sung and the meeting was closed. A dainty lunch was served.

—Elsie Dziaba, press reporter.





**St. Josaphat's U.C.X. Executive**—Sitting: Walter Hys, treasurer; Frank Lukawitski, vice-president; Fr. B. V. Sloboda, spiritual director; Dr. V. Bayrock, president; Helen Skubleny, secretary; Ronald Swist, fifth member. Standing: Ben Laskey; Joe Marchuk; Nadine Tymcyszyn; Sonia Osadchuk; Louise Demco, chairman social committee; Ann Nahalowski, chairman spiritual committee; Ann Drefko; Gwen Sloboda; Joyce Skubleny; Arnold Troock, chairman press committee and advertising; Stan Chichak; Jerry Esalw.



**Communion Breakfast Group** at the Ukrainian National Hall, commemorating the Feast of Saint Michael, patron Saint of the U.C.Y.—Nov. 7, 1954.





以成其美

[illegible]

萬壽宮



Юрій Войтів.

## СЛОВО В ДЕНЬ ІМЕНІН ПРЕОСВ. КИР НІЛЯ

Сьогодні в нас велике свято. Ми сьогодні включаємося у велику сімю українців Західного Екзархату, яка складає своєму Дорогому Владиці, Його Преосвященству Кир Нілеві, найширші бажання з приводу дня Його Іменін.

Складати бажання Дорогій Особі незвичайно приємно. Для нас оно ще більша честь, бо ми вітаємо з празником свого керманича, релігійного і національного життя.

Сьогодні вечором зібралися в Епископській Резиденції в Едмонтоні представники духовенства, єпархіального і чернечого, представники наших різних національних організацій, щоб Владиці спільно зложити слова свого синівського приязнання, пошани і любови.

Бо наш Владика Кир Ніль, який від 6 років управляє Західним Екзархатом виявив рідній спільноті багато серця та уваги. Преосвященніший Владика з великою любов'ю взявся до праці в порученій Йому єпархії. І висліди тієї праці проявилися в першій мірі в релігійній, а далі в національній діяльності. Всі собі добре пригадуємо, що 6 років тому релігійне і національне життя розвивалося, але не так, як тепер. Коли подивимося на Алберту чи Бритійську Колумбію, то заобсервуємо одне і те саме явище. Всюди видно дбайливу опіку рідного Преосвященного. Навіть Едмонтон відчув Його батьківську руку. Коли 6 років тому була тут лише одна центральна церква св. Йосафата, то тепер в Едмонтоні маємо вже 5 зорганізованих парафій. А

нещодавно наші вірні з Джеспер Плейс закупили велику площу під рідну церкву. Таке саме явище заобсервуємо всюди. От згадати б Калгарі, Редвотер, Девент та інші місцевості. А вже в Бритійській Колумбії, то це явище найвиразніше заобсервуємо. Там, де три чи чотири роки тому навіть не можна було подумати, щоб створити рідний осередок, там тепер довкола церкви і священника починає творитися нове життя, яке проявляє себе у всіх ділянках.

Подібний буйний зріст, як у релігійній діяльності, бачимо теж в організаційному житті. Ось подивитися б на наші клітини Католицької Акції: БУК, ЛУКЖ чи УКЮ. І питаємо себе: чи ці постійні поїздки, які влаштовує Єпархіальна Управа БУК, чи той музей, що твориться з ініціативи ЛУКЖ, чи вдалий Марійський З'їзд УКЮ, що відбувся цього року в Едмонтоні, чи те, що академічна молодь гуртується в "Обнові" — чи те все не відбувається під батьківськими крилами і за заохотою рідного і Дорогого Владики?!

Всі ці старання Преосвященного Кир Ніля належно цінять наші духовні зверхники. У Вічному Місті, в Римі з подивом дивляться на велику роботу, що відбувається в Едмонтонському Екзархаті. Найвищі керманічі в Католицькій Церкві за це виявили своє признание листом Еміненції кардинала Євгена Тіссерана, який він прислав на руки Преосвященного з датою 16. червня ц. р. Ці gratulazioni нашому Владиці є теж словами признання для нас усіх.

І всі ми, які свідомі завдань спільноти канадійських українців, клонимо голови перед світлою постаттю Архирея. Ми стараємося йому помагати в його праці по наших силах. Одною з таких допомог, якою вможливило здійснити великі пляни Преосвященного буде наша щира жертва на Дієцезальний Фонд. Багато громадян зрозуміли потреби новоствореного Екзархату і вплатили від себе на розбудову Української Едмонтонської Єпархії. Мої сьогоднішні слова хай будуть подякою для всіх тих, що пам'ятали про свій обов'язок, а для інших пригадкою про великий обов'язок кожного з нас.

На закінчення бажаємо Вам, Дорогі Ексселенціє, всього найкращого у Вашій праці. Просимо Всевишнього, щоб обильно благословив Вашу працю і наділяв Вас кріпким здоров'ям. Дай Боже, щоб наступного року, коли будемо складати бажання, ми могли Вас привітати з новими успіхами при дальшій розбудові нашого Екзархату у всіх його ділянках!

Жийте нам, Архирею, на многі і щасливі літа!

## Prepare For Christ's Coming!

This is the time to prepare oneself for a worthy reception of our Lord. Within my heart I shall prepare a bright, warm crib, a crib laid with soft and warm blanket of my virtues, good deeds and holy desires. All shall be ready for His coming.

The bright light that shall shine forth above the stable of my soul is the star of faith, which tells me that the Adorable Child is my God, Who conceals the splendor of His Divine

Majesty to render himself accessible to my sinful weakness. The same star of faith dispels all doubts and every shadow of my heart. It gives me certainty that God dwells in my soul day and night, knows my desires and wishes to possess my heart.

The Royal Guest in swaddling clothes shall have my warm reception. At Christmas, more than ever, the heart shall be filled with love. When I think of Christ in the manger I can't help loving Him. The thought of Incarnation engenders love of gratitude — a sense of appreciation for the fact that God came into the world to make me happy here and hereafter; this is also a love of sympathy — an eagerness to share some hardships of the manger and stable. Love and friendship mean — the exchange of gifts. What shall I offer to God for all He has given me? My pure, clean heart. The love tends to union. Christ has become a man to unite heaven with His friends on earth. While on earth, I shall remain with Him in faith, in order that I may be with Him in union in reality for ever.

With these thoughts, in the calm of a tranquil heart, undisturbed by any false worldly glare, I prepare myself with virtues of faith and love, and shall, with Mary and Joseph, await the Holy Night in which God Himself will descend into my soul.

"So you're not going to Paris this year?"

"No, it's London we're not going to this year; it was Paris we didn't go to last year!"



## РІДНА МОВА ФУНДАМЕНТОМ НАРОДУ

Коли глянемо довкола себе, ми можемо завважити, що в світі постійно відбувається якийсь рух. Світ ніколи не стоїть на місці. Він міняється з року на рік. Деколи в ньому часи стають ліпші, деколи гірші. Під цю пору часи дуже непевні.

Серед нечуваних потрясень держав і народів нинішнього світа переживає також і наш нарід важку історичну хвилю. Густі хмари непевності й тривоги залягли многи українські серця. Що буде з українським народом і з українською землею за яких 50 років? Яка будучність українців в Канаді й в Америці? Такі й подібні питання насуваються часто на голову поважним українцям. Власне на цю тему я хочу тут дещо сказати.

Майбутнє будьякого народу залежить від його молодого покоління. Яка молодь, така нація. Коли молодь буде добре вихована за засадами християнської моралі, то й дух народу буде здоровий і сильний. Кожна держава це добре знає, тому видає великі суми гроша на виховавчі інституції, товариства й школи. В тих інституціях професори мають старатись виховати й вишколити фахових провідників на різних ділянках суспільного життя, щоб зорганізувати всіх людей у спільноту й використати здібності всіх людей для загального добра краю та свого народу.

Кожний нарід впродовж свого існування витворив в собі питоменну мову, звичаї, пісні, літературу, танці, мистецтво, малярство, й збір тих всіх осягів людських умів та здібностей називаємо КУЛЬТУРОЮ. Український нарід теж здобув собі велику й багату культуру.

Насамперед має живу віру в Бога. Глибока релігійність народу створила впродовж століть прегарну форму Богочитання — наш східний український обряд. Ніжність і любов нашого народу до Ісуса Христа нашого Відкупителя виявилася в формі милозвучних коляд, щедрівок, побожних пісень. Ці милозвучні мельодії входять в душу народу та скріпляють його. Наші релігійні мельодії, що співаємо на Службі Божій чи церковних богослуженнях такі різнородні й багаті змістом! В Старому Краю й подекуди тут і в Америці, дуже поширений хоральний спів. Хоральний спів, це найкращий організатор і вчитель молоді. При кожній парафії, де є диригент, там дітвора й молодь численно сходиться й прикрасними голосами прославляють Бога та притягають до церкви всіляких людей.

Серед українців також дуже поширена музика й народний спів. На Україні не було хати, щоб не знаходився в ній якийсь інструмент, чи то скрипка, чи цимбали аб спілка. Найкращий і найбільш популярний український інструмент, це бандура. В Канаді також не бракує музикантів і співаків серед канадійських українців, і то талановитих, що мають світову славу: напр. Донна Гресько. Наші народні пісні є всілякого змісту: любовні, весільні, смутні й веселі, побутові, історичні, вояцькі, стрілецькі. Наші пісні надаються на всі голоси; можна їх співати на два, або три або чотири голоси. В наші народні пісні наш нарід попросту вложив свою душу. В них пробивається ніжна любов до ближнього, до свого народу, до природи довкола нас самих, і т. д.

Разом зі співом витворились в нас прекрасні народні танці й строї національні, які не раз можна бачити на концертах.

Наша історія усягає більше як тисячі літ. Ми мали колись велику силу над державу, славних князів, як наприклад Володимира Великого, якому українці завдячують християнство; Ярослава Мудрого, який уложив збірник законів державних в книжку т. зв. "Руська Правда"; Данила, якого коронував сам Папа Римський; гетьман Іван Мазепа, який боровся проти Москви. Наша українська земля багата. Має повно природних скарбів, як нафту, оливу, вугілля, буйні ниви пшениці. Ці скарби пожадають заздрисним оком сусідні краї й силоміць видають їх з рук українців.

Але підставою нашої культури є рідна мова. Наша мова є дуже гарна. Вчені різних народів зачисляють українську мову до одних з найкращих та наймилозвучніших мов у світі. Мови бувають багаті й бідні. Убога мова є та, що має мало слів. Наша рідна мова начисляє понад 100,000 слів й належить до найбагатших мов на світі. Наша мова гнучка. Нею можна висловити найніжніші почування. Українська мова є повна музичної краси. І тому серед нас українців вишло багато поетів, співаків, бесідників і журналістів.

Без сумніву нашим найбільшим поетом був Тарас Шевченко. Він укладав всілякі поезії, але по більшій часті ліричні. Його збір поезій знаходиться в книзі "Кобзар". Другим великим поетом і приятелем Шевченка був Панько Куліш, який переклав на українську мову св. Письмо. Іншими великими поетами були: Маркіян Шашкевич, пробудитель українського народу в Галичині; Іван Франко, май-

стер української мови; Йосиф Юрій Федькович на Буковині. Кожний нарід любить свою мову й шанує тих, що нею говорять, пишуть чи співають. Ми всі маємо святий обов'язок свою мову вивчитись і нею добре говорити.

"Мово рідна, слово рідне,  
Хто вас забуває,  
Той у грудях не серденько  
Тільки камінь має".

Так говорив наш поет Маркіян Шашкевич. Нашу мову може не любити тільки той, що її не знає. Але кожному з нас, вона є найбільшим національним скарбом. Якби хтось цей скарб закопав, наніс би нам найбільшу шкоду, бо він є підставою нашого національного життя. Відберіть підставу — будинок валиться. Так само з народом. Відберіть йому мову — сейчас пропадає. Тому нашим найбільшим обов'язком є рідну мову зберігати серед тутешньої молоді й будучність українського народу є запевнена на слідуючі сторіччя.

о. Павло Малюга ЧНІ.

Teacher: "Robert, give me a sentence using the word 'satiated'."

Bobby: "I took Mammie Jones to a picnic last summer and I satiated quite a lot."

When a cow had been killed by a train, it fell to the lot of the section foreman to make out a report of the accident on a form the company supplied for that purpose. He checked all the facts and filled in all the lines readily enough until he came to one headed: "Disposition of carcass."

The foreman scratched his head for a moment, then wrote: "Kind and gentle."

## Our Lady and Catholic Action

An awed silence fell over the throng that had gathered in St. Peter's for this history-making ceremony. The tall stately Pope Pius IX had just celebrated Mass at the great main altar. Now he was stepping forward to read his proclamation. Tears of joy glistened in his eyes. In a voice loud and clear but ringing with emotion, he read: "We declare, affirm and define that the doctrine which states that the Blessed Virgin Mary was preserved and exempted from all stain of original sin from the first instant of her conception in view of the merits of Jesus Christ, the Savior of all mankind, is a doctrine revealed of God and which, for this reason, all Christians are bound to believe firmly and with confidence. . ."

As he reached the end, his voice broke and tears ran unchecked down his cheeks.

Forty thousand voices sang the hymn "The Deum Laudamus." The dome of Michelangelo resounded with the triumphant notes. The bells of Rome's churches rang joyously. That night, Rome was ablaze with light.

This happened on December 8, 1854.

So began a glorious new era — the Marian Age. Since 1830 Our Blessed Mother has appeared in Paris, La Salette, Pontmain, Knock, Lourdes, and finally Fatima. Now the Divine Mother never appears on this earth unless she has some very good reason for doing so, unless she has something very important to tell us, her children.

Today Mary is asking for our help. She wants us to take part in a great crusade, which is to lead men from lives of sin and bring them back to her Son and thus Mary will crush the head of the serpent.

In his Apocalypse St. John paints the arresting picture of the Woman persecuted by a great red dragon, a picture that may well be taken to symbolize the events of our time. For we too, witness a struggle of apocalyptic dimensions and between the same protagonists. On the surface, of course, it is the great struggle between our Western Civilization and a cruel Eastern dictatorship denying all the values by which we live. In its spiritual essence, however, it is the age-old fight between the powers of darkness and light, the Dragon and the Woman. To St. John the Woman, of course, is the Church — the same Church that is the first target of persecution today. At the same time she is also Our Lady.

Mary is organizing her legions to combat the hordes of evil. The modern popes have been her heralds in this mustering of troops.

Pius X said: "That which is needed most at present time, is to have in each parish a group of laymen at the same time virtuous, well-instructed, determined, and really apostolic."

While still the Patriarch of Venice, the same Pontiff said: "We will wait in vain for society to re-Christianize itself simply by the prayers of the good. Prayer is absolutely necessary because in the ordinary economy of

salvation God does not concede graces except to him who prays; India and Japan would never have been converted by the prayers alone of Xavier; the Apostles would never have conquered the world if they had not done the work of heroes and martyrs. It is necessary, therefore, to join prayer with action. . . .

**Catholic Action** marching to victory under the glorious blue and white of our Heavenly Queen.

The strong, clear summoning of the Catholic faithful to far greater effectiveness in bringing God's truth and grace to others was expressed by Pope Pius XI thus: "You know in what manner of times we live in, and what these times demand from the Catholic forces. On the one hand, we deplore a society growing ever more pagan, wherein the Catholic faith is growing faint in souls. In consequence, the Christian sense, and the purity of morals, are also waning within them to a really alarming degree. On the other hand, we grieve because the clergy is quite insufficient to cope with the needs of our time. . . . HENCE IT IS NECESSARY THAT ALL MEN BE APOSTLES. It is necessary that the Catholic laity do not stand idle, but be united with the ecclesiastical hierarchy and ready to obey its orders; that they take their share in the holy warfare, and that, by complete self-dedication, prayer and action, they cooperate for the reflowering of faith and Christian reformation of morals."

Yes, what the world most needs today is APOSTLES; apostles overflowing with love and zeal; and in this matter our ideal should be MARY QUEEN OF THE APOSTLES.

The Gospel for the Feast of the Visitation tells us how immediately after the Annunciation — immediately after the Divine Presence began to physically exist within her — Mary arose and went with haste into the hill country to visit her cousin Elizabeth. At the sound of Mary's voice, a wonderful thing happened to the child in the womb of Elizabeth. Not only did he leapt in the sign of purification; he leapt in the sign of the reception of the state of grace, the presence of Christ. This is what the missionary work of our Blessed Mother consisted in, at that moment. All her life she was a missionary, an apostle, but she began to be a missionary in the true sense of the word at the time when she brought Christ to John the Baptist. Because that is the essence of the work of all apostles — to bring Christ to others.

You notice that Our Blessed Lord did not go to St. John the Baptist of His own accord. He used no effort of His own in going to him, but depended completely on His Mother, the Apostle, to carry Him where He was needed.

We have here a beautiful example of what the modern lay apostle is doing. There are not one but millions of John the Baptists who are in need of Christ; but Christ does not go to them unless He is brought by an apostle. Christ depends completely upon the willingness of others. That is His Divine order in this world, He depends on others for the work He wants to do.

The effect of bringing Christ to the unborn St. John is a symbol of what still happens today, in this sinful world, when Christ is brought to those who need Him.



It is not easy to be an apostle. It requires great effort, great humility, great enthusiasm and earnestness. These are the gifts we should ask for, of Our Heavenly Mother. We should also ask for the grace to follow her example, so that any place, any time we perceive that Christ is needed, we will rise with haste and go.

It was not Mary who purified John, it was Christ. Mary only brought Him to the sphere of His work. Like Mary, we can only be the instruments, the carriers, as it were, of the Divine Christ, who will Himself do the work of sanctifying souls and the work of creating His existence, His life, in those to whom we bring Him. We must rejoice at the presence of Christ in us — rejoice at the privilege of carrying Christ to others, of sharing with others the immense joy of His intimate companionship. That is the work of the apostolate.

There is an old sixth century Byzantine painting of the Most Blessed Virgin that beautifully depicts the interior and exterior life of a true apostle; it presents the Heart of Mary as the consummate ideal of the apostolate.

The figure of Our Blessed Lady is shown carrying in Her Bosom the Incarnate Word surrounded by a circle of light. Like the Eternal Father, she ever keeps within herself the Word she has given to the world. As Rohault de Fleury said: "The Savior shines in the midst of her breast like the Eucharist with all the veils torn away." Jesus lives in her. He is her heart, her life-breath, her center, and her life: this is an image of the interior life.

But the Divine Child is there

carrying out the work of His apostolate. His attitude, the scroll of His Gospel which He holds in His left hand, the gesture of His right hand, His expression, everything shows clearly that He is teaching. And the Blessed Virgin is united to His word. The expression on her face seems to tell us that she too would like to say something. Her wide-open eyes are looking for souls to whom she may communicate her Son; and that represents the active life.

Her hands outstretched like those of the "orante," or praying women depicted on the walls of the Catacombs, or of the Priest offering the Holy Victim, tell us that it is above all by prayer and union to the Sacrifice of Christ that our interior life will have depth and apostleship fecundity.

(Rev.) Maurice Dzurman, C.Ss.R.

## Holy Eucharist U.C.Y.

The Holy Eucharist U.C.Y. started their second term with the election of officers which was held on October 18. The executive for 1954-55 is made up of:

President—Billy Yakymyskyn;  
Vice-President—June Koska;  
Treasurer—Leonard Hanak;  
Fifth Member — Helen Pisesky;  
Press Correspondent—Sylvia Yurkowski.

Rev. Father Sopulak is the club's Spiritual Director. Mike Yakymyskyn heads the Social Committee and Art Hlushak is in charge of sports.

So far this year, the social activities have consisted of a wiener roast and an initiation day.

The wiener roast which was held

at Sturgeon River took place on Oct. 25. Three cars and a truck were required to convey the members to and from Sturgeon. Although the temperature was low, spirits were high and everybody had a delightful time.

The initiation of new members was held on Nov. 1. The girls were required to attend the meeting with a man's shirt and tie backwards and to wear one nylon and one ankle sock. The boys were supposed to roll their pants up to their knees, part their hair in the middle and wear earrings. Stunts ranged from rolling peanuts on the floor with one's nose to reading in French with a mouthful of kiss-candies complete with wrapper. A good time was had by all, especially the old members. The eleven new members feel that they have truly earned their membership.

The Holy Eucharist U.C.Y. holds meetings on the first and third Monday of every month. Everybody is cordially invited to attend our meetings and social activities.

— Sylvia Yurkowski.

## Scotties vs Bethlehem

With the soft downy snowflakes fluttering down to cover the earth under a blanket of white, and the joyful cries of excited youngsters perching an old tattered hat over one eye of Mr. Snowman, we are all reminded that winter has set in and with winter naturally come thoughts of Christmas. Almost upon us is the season when the fire of Christmas charity and goodwill throws a heart-warming glow over this cold world of ours.

The friendly handshake accompanied by the age-old wish for a

Merry Christmas, a neighbour "popping in" briefly to convey the compliments of the season, the greeting card from an old friend, to say nothing of Santa's visit, these are the things that make Christmas the happy, selfless season it is. To know someone has not forgotten to remember is a grand feeling to experience. This year, just as every year, the post office will have a busy time with the exchange of Christmas greetings. You will be sending cards, won't you? If you have not already purchased our supply there is one question I would like to ask you, if you don't mind? What would you think of a person who instead of sending a wedding congratulation to his best friend who was taking the crucial step, mailed him a card of sympathy. Most likely you will say, "No one would do a thing like that purposely." But is just as logical as sending a card with a picture of a cat or a Scottie with a bit of holly tickling his ear as an expression of best Yuletide wishes. After all, what have cats or puppies (no matter how cute they be) to do with the spirit of Christmas. Confidentially I don't see the connection, do you?

Christmas is the birthday of Jesus. Therefore, it is only fitting to send cards depicting the birth of Our Saviour. There are so many beautiful cards portraying the scene of Bethlehem that everyone, no matter what their taste may be, can be satisfied.

"SEND CHRISTIAN CHRISTMAS CARDS" — let that be our slogan this year, — and every year.

—L. D.

## U.C.Y. Convention, Yorkton, Sask.

The Ukrainian Catholic Youth of Yorkton can look back with pride and satisfaction after holding their seventh annual successful carnival and convention on November 6 and 7.

Continued spell of fine weather and generous co-operation of all Youth members have proved a boon to this annual affair. Congratulations must go likewise to the successful contestants who aroused much interest in the club and attracted a large crowd to St. Mary's Parish Hall.

The purpose of this two day project was to honor Our Lady, to help youth understand themselves better and their attitudes to their parents. It also aimed at parents to help them understand some of the youth problems and give them support by sound advice and good example.

St. Mary's Parish Hall was the setting for the colorful scene of coronation of the 1954 UCY carnival queen and princesses. The hall was suitably decorated for the occasion and selected music supplied by the Golden West Sunset Boys.

At 10:00 p.m. the final results of the contest were announced by Mr. A. M. Kindred, LLB., who acted as Master of Ceremonies. After congratulating the contestants, Mr. Kindred called upon Mayor Langrill to say a few words. His worship, Mayor Langrill expressed his happiness and pleasure in being invited to the carnival and to have the honor of crowning the queen and princesses.

At 11:00 p.m. the royal procession commenced from the balcony to-

wards the stage. Led by Miss Ann Warcomika, 1953 carnival queen, their highnesses marched gracefully to the rhythm played by the Sunset Boys and were welcomed with applause by the cheerful crowd. As they entered upon the stage, the Master of Ceremonies introduced each queen and princess in their respective order.

The carnival queen of 1954 was Miss Emily Pacholko. Her first attendant was princess Marie Kaliasa and second attendant princess Elsie Burtroway. Miss Louise Moskowsky was the third princess, and Miss Joyce Darechuk, who represented her sister Elsie, was fourth princess. His Worship, Mayor Langrill then congratulated the queen and her princesses for their success and performed the ceremony of coronation in his usual manner of grandeur. Reverend P. Maluga, C.Ss.R., presented each contestant with an appropriate gift. Mr. Archie Zylyk, president, congratulated their highnesses for their success and on behalf of the UCY thanked each contestant for their remarkable work. Their highnesses also briefly thanked all their supporters and were offered the first dance after the coronation. The draw for the lucky winners was made towards the end of the evening.

The UCY Convention was held on the following day at the St. Mary's Parish Hall. It was convoked on the occasion of the Marian Year. After church services, the delegates, guests, and their friends were invited to a banquet at the parish hall.

At 3:00 p.m. Very Rev. Father

John Bala, C.Ss.R., opened the main session with a prayer. Mr. Clarence Derrow, chairman of the UCY carnival and convention, delivered the welcome address. Greetings were heard from the Very Rev. John Bala, C.Ss.R., Superior and Pastor of the St. Mary's Catholic Brotherhood, Mr. A. M. Kindred, LL.B., Diocesan Pres. of the Ukr. Catholic Brotherhood, Mr. Michael Stadnyk, Vice-Pres. of the local Ukrainian Catholic Brotherhood, Miss Jean Schudlyk, Diocesan President of the UCY Organization, Mr. Wm. Kozakewich, local Grand Knight of the Knights of Columbus. The annual report of the local UCY Club was made by Mr. Eugene Cherewick.

The Relationship of the Ukrainian Catholic Youth Towards Their Church and Country was the initiative talk delivered by Miss Jean Schudlyk of Saskatoon. She stressed upon the importance of Catholic education and loyalty to the ideals of democracy. The second talk entitled "Youth—A Nation's Heritage" was delivered by Mrs. Valerie Ratushniak. In her lecture she compared youth to spring season and explained the important role that parents play in the formation of sound Christian characters and strong nations.

"Metropolitan Andrew Shepticky" was the theme of the third talk delivered by Mr. Andrew Novak. In his speech, Mr. Novak praised the religious work of the former Archbishop and Metropolitan of the Ukraine and showed what a terrific loss the Ukrainian Catholic Church endured by his sudden death.

The topic of the final speech was "The Marian Year," delivered by

Rev. Father P. Maluga, C.Ss.R. Commenting on the Marian Year, Father Maluga remarked that science and education have advanced tremendously in the last age. Only one thing has been regretfully overlooked — the soul and its salvation. Solicitous over worldly affairs and blinded by pride and concupiscence a great many people have lost the way to eternal happiness. Moral life has become impaired. People seek happiness where it cannot be found. Many do not know the purpose of life and spend their time lavishly. They live in a state of mortal sin and strive to satiate the desires of their soul with sensual things. The world has abolished God from the parliament, schools, homes, etc. It wishes to do away with God entirely. This is where all the moral evil lies. The purpose of the Marian Year, said the Reverend Speaker, was to foster a deeper devotion to Mary and to restore the spirit of faith in God and mutual charity through her intercession. Experience shows where devotion to Mary flourishes, love for God increases."

Mr. Mervin Hrechka read the resolutions made at this convention and the closing remarks were made by Mr. Archie Zylyk, who thanked everyone for attending and joining in the UCY Convention. The session closed at 4:30 p.m. by singing of the National Anthems.

At 5:00 p.m. the UCY girls served lunch to all the guests and friends. After lunch, interesting informal discussions were held between the Diocesan President and the local club members. In the evening a most enjoyable film was presented, as a relaxation after a strenuous two day program.



## Shall we learn Ukrainian?

The following article was written for the Ukrainians in the United States. Since the prevailing conditions are similar in Canada, we reproduce it for the benefit of our readers.

Such a question undoubtedly comes to the minds of many American-born young people of Ukrainian extraction. Many feel that in ordinary life of a community, seldom, if ever, the knowledge of a foreign tongue is necessary. Those who go to a Ukrainian Church or Ukrainian gatherings sometime are confronted with the situation that they have to talk or at least understand Ukrainian. Those who are active in the group usually are quite proficient in both written and spoken language.

Such a dilemma: "Whether I should know the language of my parents or should I just forget about the matter" — is peculiar not only to the American-born youth of Ukrainian origin, but is a universal problem and, in most cases, is decided individually, depending on the character of the upbringing, cultural and traditional connections within any particular group, memories of the early life, some outstanding events giving the strongest impression during childhood, etc. In fact is, however, that more and more young people of the first and second generation of immigrants do not learn the language of their parents. Is this good for them — is this good for the country as a whole?

I will never forget a lecture given at the graduation exercises at one of the teacher colleges in Minnesota. The lecturer — a young man, the head of a nationally known school

in the West — told of the importance for the present day Americans of knowing a foreign language besides their native English. "When I received an invitation to come to this college," he stated, "I was really very much pleased to go to your State, because in my mind there was a picture of a Scandinavian Minnesota, with those big sturdy Swedes bringing the spirit of the old country and imparting their character to the surrounding population. I was eager to visit the Swedish Churches and homes to see all this for myself!

"I went to a Swedish Church last Sunday. To be sure, the services were in Swedish, but what surprised me was the fact that there were only the old folks in the Church. "Where are your young people," I inquired of some of the parishioners. "They do not come to the Church too often" — was the answer. "Our young people consider that we should not pray in Swedish, but should change to the English language, because many of them do not understand well the language of their parents."

The lecturer was honestly disturbed by this phenomenon. In his opinion those young people did not understand the trend of times. Now America is the leader of the free world. The American frontiers are not in the West — they are everywhere. He brought statistical data on the number of American students, businessmen, soldiers and workers in various countries of the

globe. "Those are our ambassadors of good will. They are to explain our democratic ideals and the fair play to the inhabitants of those countries. And how can they do this when they do not speak the language of the natives? And he urged the future teachers of Minnesota: "Go to your communities and in your lectures impress on the youth of Minnesota that it is very important for them to know one or more language besides English. This should be easy to accomplish here where there are so many parents still speaking the language of their home country. Let those youngsters try to speak at home the language of their parents, let them try to read — a few minutes a day — some of the literature written in the native language of their parents, and they will serve America the best. They will help to understand truthfully the countries we are dealing with in our efforts to help the world to remain free!"

The knowledge of foreign languages tends to broaden our intellectual horizons and makes us better and more valuable members of our own nation. The knowledge of a foreign tongue enables us to read the original works of famous writers and to draw upon the real information which otherwise would escape our attention or which we would know only from the interpretation by some other people whose interests may be entirely different from our own or from those of the United States. If this is true of any foreign language, then the more important it is to know the native language of your parents, because you may understand the soul of this language faster and better than any one else.

It is very important to know Ukrainian. Those who have been in military service realized this when they were asked what language besides English, they could speak. This was a practical application of a foreign language for the service to America.

At the present time the United States is in a leading position in the world, and it is our duty to inform the American public about the history, culture, economics and other phases of life of the people who are closest to us in Europe. Our country should know the truest picture of the life of every nation with which our government deals during these trying times."

(—Dr. M. H. Haydack—Svoboda)

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## U.C.Y. NOTES FROM YORKTON

Thirty Youth members attended the annual U.C.Y. meeting Tuesday, October 5, at St. Mary's Parish Hall. The meeting was presided over by Rev. P. Maluga, C.Ss.R., who opened the session with a prayer. Mr. Andrew Novak, resigning president, delivered his farewell speech and on behalf of the staff thanked all the members for their generous cooperation throughout the past year.

Nominations for the new executive followed. The following committee was elected: Mr. Archie Zylyk, president; Mr. Eugene Cherewyk, vice-president; Miss Marie Kuliassa, secretary; Miss Anne Kowalyk, treasurer; Miss Louise Moskoway, fifth member; Miss Grace Shordee, Miss Anne Kowalyk and Mr. Mervin Hrechka were appointed

on the social committee, while press correspondents for the coming year are Miss Adele Feck and Miss Helen Bachewich.

The newly-appointed officers then took over the legislative assembly and continued the session. Mr. Eugene Cherewyk on behalf of the new executive, thanked all the members for their kind support and expressed his wishes for a successful year.

Rev. Father P. Maluga, C.Ss.R., spiritual director, then gave a lengthy address on the ideals of the U.C.Y. organization. In his speech Father Maluga stressed upon co-operation as being the secret to the success of any organization, the U.C.Y. included.

A pep talk followed by Rev. Father S. Maslo, C.Ss.R., who also expressed the importance of an organized youth club and a well planned program of social activities.

Short discussion followed and delegates were appointed for the annual U.C.Y. convention at Saskatoon during the Thanksgiving weekend. Mr. Eugene Cherewyk gave the concluding remarks, and the meeting was adjourned until the following week.

Then on October 12, another successful meeting was held, with thirty-one members attending. Mr. Archie Zylyk, president, opened the meeting.

The minutes of the last meeting were read by Miss Marie Kuliassa.

A report on the U.C.Y. convention at Saskatoon was read by the delegates, Miss Marie Kuliassa and Mr. Eugene Cherewyk.

Discussions and comments on the U.C.Y. Carnivāal to be held next

month were enjoyable. A carnival committee was selected, with Mr. Clarence Derow as president. Some guest speakers were also proposed for the U.C.Y. youth rally to be held next month.

—Adele Feck.

## - U.C.Y. Bowling League - of Winnipeg

The U.C.Y. Bowling League of Winnipeg got away to its official start in September at the Cooper-Mosienko Bowling Aleys, with eight teams making up the league and a total of 40 bowlers.

Teams are chosen after prospective bowlers have signified their intention of bowling and not according to parishes. It is interesting to note, though, that most of Winnipeg's 12 Ukrainian Catholic parishes are represented in the league. The league is affiliated with the Winnipeg Five Pin Bowling Association which makes it eligible for city tournaments.

Executive for the 1954-55 season is as follows:

President—Walter Eschuk;

Vice-Pres.—Casimir Ochocki;

Secretary - Olive (Kabby) Kablak;

Treasurer—John Debroni.

To date, there has been evidence of some good bowling and after the completion of the first quarter, the "Quins," captained by Walter Eschuk, came out on top. The other members of the team are Karl Jurkowsky, Olga Danchuk, Olga Tataryn and Alice Borys.

High individual averages to date are as follows: Mary Karpinec 200, Olga Goshlak 198 and Olive Kablak

185 for the ladies and Casimir Ochocki 217, Peter Kruk 205 and R. Lichacz 191 in the men's. High single game records to date are held by Olga Goshlak 338, Walter Eschuk 333; high three games—Olga Danchuk 698, Casimir Ochocki 757.

The league is in its third year of operation and was formed through the efforts of the Winnipeg Regional U.C.Y.

—Helen Goshlak.

## Let's Laugh

Ex-President Grover Cleveland leased his Princetown home and took his lovely wife on a trip. Finally a letter from the lessee caught up with the travelers.

There was, it said, water in the basement.

Immediately Cleveland sent an answering cable to the harassed tenant, "What do you expect? Champagne?"

Give a politician an inch and he begins to think of himself as a ruler.

Never worry about finding your station in life. There will always be somebody around to tell you where to get off.

Middle age: When women won't admit their age and men won't act theirs.

"Just look at yourself!" little Johnny's mother exclaimed. "Your eye is bruised, your face scratched and your shirt torn to ribbons. How

many times have I told you not to play with that boy next door?"

"Really, Mother," Johnny answered mildly, "do I look as if we've been playing?"

Waiter: "The gentleman, sitting over there says his soup isn't fit for a pig."

Manager: "Then take it away and bring him some that is."

A tourist in the Ozarks called to an old woman sitting on a porch, "How far is it to the nearest town?"

"Pa figgers it's about ten miles thar, and about twelve back," she answered. "Which is on account of him walking straighter goin' than comin'."

Barber (about to lather): "Do you mind shutting your mouth, sir?"

Tired Customer: "No—do you?"

Dad, looking suspiciously at the dessert his daughter had whipped up. "What's this?"

Daughter: "It's cottage pudding. We learned how to make it at school today."

Dad: "Well, I think I got a piece of shingle in my mouth."

"This book of Universal Knowledge will tell you everything you ought to know," declared the agent at the door.

"Don't need it," growled Mr. Grouch, "my wife tells me all that—and a lot more besides."

Downstairs: "Didn't you hear me pounding on the ceiling?"

Upstairs: "Oh, that's all right. We were making a lot of noise ourselves."





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and  
**A Happy New Year**

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